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CANYON GARDEN

MARGARET ERWIN

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CANYON GARDEN

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1745

BY
MARGARET ERWIN

SAN FRANCISCO
A. M. ROBERTSON
MDCCCCXXII

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FOR FOUR BOYS WHO WERE THE
INSPIRATION AND SOMETIMES THE
EXPRESSION OF THESE SKETCHES

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CANYON GARDEN

I

Come with me to my canyon. Let us climb down, down. Parting the laurel and the wild bank rose, riotous in its beauty. Down to this still spot. This bed of a mountain stream in winter. This place of rejoicing birds in summer. And in spring,—this place for the dancing of our souls.

II

Swinging willows and young green fern. Reaching tendrils of passion vine. The sky of a depth and strength to hold the birth-compelling sun to the warm and welcoming earth. I feel the rising blood of the spring within me. And a wild canary is voice for me. For my ecstacy, this ecstacy of the spring.

III

Today I must forget, forget. The throbbing in my throat will cease. I turn my face unto the sun. And draw my hair across my eyes. And sleep. I breathe my strength from the wind. My peace from the canyon night. Tomorrow I shall have confidence.

IV

Give yourself to the night. Let the wind take you over the hills and bay. Drift back with the fog along the canyon bank. And above, with the stars, look on time and on the many worlds. Give yourself to the night.

v

Fresh from the springs of eternal things comes the canyon rain. Slowly at first, with rhythmic fall, touching the bay leaves, caressing, blessing. Then,—mate of the fragrant, wild night wind, conquering, rioting, deluging. Bending the oaks and the laurel low. Lashing the vines in the brook's mad flow. An exultant surge.

VI

The moon is blowing eerily. The wind is wild to-night. Go to the top of the quarry hill, if you can stand against it. The clouds are racing from its touch. It is full of stinging dust. The wind is in torment to-night. It has lost itself in the canyon. And what is a human soul to the soul of the wind? The wind that carries the worlds.

VII

She is at home. The smoke is rising from her chimney, straight and thin and blue. So full of grace it is, so mystic blue, it might be vapor of her dreams. She is at home! Heart, stay away. It will be wiser so. Your dreams are straining things and clumsy-limned and flame. Though she may long, let her not know. Can you be silent, heart?

VIII

Do you know nasturtiums and geraniums in an old California garden? Great matted masses, pink and scarlet, flame and purple, gold and orange? The glory of these gracious weeds, nasturtiums and geraniums. Their faith in beauty. Triumphant riotous grasses, reaching, running, covering unsightly deaths, deserted paths and feeble garden plans. Tame creatures grown wild. Each year the rains revive their failing life. Do you know nasturtiums and geraniums in a deserted California garden?

IX

One does not need hashish. A canyon course
will do. Nor opium, nor absinthe. But a day
intensely blue. Some high hills to dream upon.
A spirit hand to trace. A cob-web shining
in the grass with all its faith in lace. The
eucalyptus near the sky, pillar of reaching grace.
The quarry pool at twilight is the meeting place.

x

My neighbor's houses run down the hill swiftly. They begin at a eucalyptus grove that touches the sky. At the bottom they slip into the sea. At night their lights are like spots of brilliance on a stream.

XI

From five to six, the women are putting on their aprons. And peeling potatoes. All fighting for peace within themselves. Only here and there a great, forgetting heart. Let them come out and sit with me upon the canyon bank. For peace is here. Slow peace, enduring peace. The elderberry sways, the golden-flowering broom..... The air is full of nature's harmonies. The blessing of the sun is on my head. The greeting of the earth is on my hands. And my sick mind is gone. Let them come out.

XII

The whole house was about twenty by twenty. And the living room filled with the smell of Sunday dinner. Yet they sat there, such huge people,—a great woman by the window fanning herself, a heavy man with suspendered figure and a neighbor's massive wife. They sat there talking little things on a Sunday afternoon. And outside were the canyon and the foot-hills and far, beckoning mountains, great luring spaces. Yet they sat there on a Sunday afternoon in what they called the living room.

XIII

Lovely lady of Japan. Iris blossoming in January, on my canyon's edge. Purple of the mysterious night and blue of the radiant morning. With my red curved scissors, made for you by your brothers, I greet you to prepare you for your destiny. Here in my turquoise bowl, in your gracious perfection, you shall be Heaven. And this rare blade of green, leaning away from you, shall be Earth. Between you, reaching and rising, with the silver rain of the dew on their bosoms, this stalk of buds. These three on a subtly twisting stem shall be Man. I lift you reverently. I bid you welcome to my house, upon the altar of my table.

XIV

The canyon echoes our idle dreams. The day is large and benign. Through interweaving of fern and bay the veil of the sky is very near. The bosom of heaven is touching the hill. And we lie very still. We do not try to answer. . . . . There is a thrill of spring. And we could sing the answer. From the fog and the rain and the night, life and life and light! Into this garden of mine that grows at the end of the trail, spring and the whistling quail!

xv

Your voice is like the wind's voice in the valley. Your eyes have seemed to hold the light of summer noons. Your hands are quick with understanding. I know you in a thousand voices. In a thousand moods. And when you hold me in your arms, I know your soul as I cannot know my own.

CANYON VOICES

1

I like to wear my rubber hat when the rain tapples on it. I like an umbrella, too, when the drops race from the points. But I like my rain hat better, because the sky water is nearer my head.

II

Cornflakes to-night. I'm glad. I like them now. Almost I like everything but squash. Madre, my heart tells me squash is nasty!

III

Precious, most precious, most infinitely
precious! Baby lover of the widest world,
smiling at me as you drink milk of life and life
of milk. Little fat philosopher, Jimmy!

IV

You are so beautiful, my little lad! So soft, so dear, you make me glad with a great gladness. That reaches out to other babies on other stars. Come, let us dance our way to Mars! You know the way. You little, warm, sweet breathing thing, with marabout hair and apricot skin! My little, lovely baby,—oh, we must have faith in human ends, when beginnings can be as beautiful as you.

v

Dear little lover of life, with your morning shout of joy. And your evening peace as you nestle down, a little sleepy boy. Dear little lover of life, I have seen you worship the sun. I have heard you answer the meadow lark, just when the day was begun. Dear little lover of life, you seem so wise and gay! Is it because you but begin, or, do you know the way?

VI

My gay baby sits on the canyon bank with his
brother's jazz cap on the side of his head.
It is made of pie pieces of orange and purple.
He waves his arms, and roars and gurgles and
screams his joy at this blossom day of spring.
With a fat, pink foot he pounds a rattle.

VII

My canary and my baby sing to me when the soft light touches the western wall. I give my canary water. I give my baby milk. And then I go to sleep again. I am stupidly unaware of the morning joy of my baby and my canary.

VIII

Hail, little toy-grabber! Hail, O brother baby! Where are you gone? The quail are calling for you in the canyon. There is a shining new shovel in the sand-pile. And I want you, O my brother baby. You may have the wagon and the watering-pot. I will give you the biggest pieces. I will help you gather the eucalyptus cups. Without you it isn't any fun. Come back, O my brother baby!

IX

Darling. And dearest. And little baby love-bud, sweeter and neater than a rose. Fairer and rarer than a lover in the springtime, little baby kinglet tickle-toes! I want to taste you. I want to smell you. I want to hear you gurgle, bubble, crow. I want to love you unutterably. I want to cherish you so tenderly. I want to help you, old wobble-head, to be a troubadour in a sad world.

SANTA FE LIMITED

AND

DESERT SKETCHES

I IN THE MORNING.

In the morning, rows of olive trees, their branches tipped with silver, shining upward. The desert and new cotton fields and gins. Barren henna foot-hills. Flocks of sheep with Mexican shepherds and burros and dogs. Pale green snow on the horizon mountains. Long stretches of sun on blue-green alfalfa fields. Dark grey fir trees in masses beneath the clouds. After Tehachapi, mirages on either side. Clear sheets of blue water below the purple needles of the mountains. And the desert. Always the desert. For miles a stern and mysterious bosom. The red bluffs at Pinta, Holbrook, Adamana, have white embroidery of snow. In Arizona the rivers of sand are flowing to the mountains. And the mountains are flowing down to meet them. Inside the train, cards and the flipping of words. Outside, the desert. Always the desert, silent, mysterious.

Say, look at that cliff! Now really, isn't Nature beautiful? Of course, only an Indian would live here. But what is more wonderful than Nature, after all. Now there's a nice thing to paint. Lovely, that canyon, the way Nature has shaped it all out. Talk about the Canadian Rockies, they couldn't be any handsomer than this. Do your eyes hurt? Mine do, looking at all this scenery since we left Los Angeles. There's really too much to see. It's a quarter after eleven now. Porter, when do we eat?

III SANTA FE.

We are here at last! At this citadel, the end of the trail. The palace of the governors, this city of the holy faith. At the mountains of the Blood of Christ I will meet you. I will meet you when the mountains are touched with the blood of the sun. Let us kiss and part quickly. At the mountains of the Blood of Christ.

Ain't it a pity they don't cultivate this land?
No water.
Well, give it to the soldiers, I'll say.

V THE TRAINS.

The trains are weaving into Chicago. Have you seen them weaving into Chicago? Shuttle engines, warp of stiff steel rails. From the east, from the north, from the south, from the west, northeast, northwest, southeast, southwest, from the desert and from the mountains, from the snow and from the sun, the trains are weaving into Chicago. Through the ugly tapestry of tenemented streets the trains are weaving into Chicago.

VI INDIAN PUEBLO.

An Indian pueblo in New Mexico was very quiet in the afternoon sun. After the grinding sigh of the brakes, silence and the desert. And the desert's people who live in beauty. White and yellow adobe houses with blue doorways surrounded by peach trees in pink bloom. An old Indian, wrapped in a white blanket, stood on the top roof of the pueblo. He stood silently looking across the desert to the sacred mountains. Below Indian women were making black pottery, baking it in mud ovens. An old woman in a red blanket did not raise her eyes to the train.

VII IN THE NIGHT.

In the night, Colorado, prairie Kansas. Uneasy sleep and noises of the railroad yards. Flashings of lanterns, shuntings, husky voices. The train slips through the night, running, triumphant. In the silences, comfortable snorings. The desert and the prairie are left behind. And the people who live in beauty. In the night the trains are weaving into Chicago. Shuttle engines, warp of stiff steel rails. Through the ugly tapestry of tenemented streets the trains are weaving into Chicago.

Folks, your attention now. To the left as we round the next curve you'll catch a glimpse of the Sauger d'Christy Mountains. This means Blood of Christ. Be ready now, and you'll get a real view. They're covered with snow now, but when those ancient padres first saw them they were red with the sunset. Hence the name. I have here some smoked glasses just dimmed enough to take away the glare. They are ventilated at the sides and specially fitted to the head. Fifty cents a pair. Who's taking care of the eyes? Thank you, sir. Thank you, ma'am. Got any goggles, lady? No, thank you, man. I am resisting you. Your technique is too perfect.
Ladies and gentlemen, glance now to your right. The Collegiate Rockies. Those three high fellers are called Harvard, Yale and Princeton. I have here some lemon drops, if any of you feel this mountain sickness. Ten cents a package, crisp and snappy. We're going to be on the top of the world in a minute

now. Ten thousand, two hundred and forty-two feet. The station is called Tennessee Pass. Here Uncle Sam maintains a post office, so you can make the folks at home happy with some of these view-folders. All the points of interest for twenty cents. Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, sir. Lady, don't you want to make someone at home happy?

No, thank you, man. I am resisting you for the good of your soul.

To the right now, look sharp. And you'll see a gold mine in operation. Now folks, I have some nice fresh figs right from California. They're just packed and very juicy. Only fifteen cents and right from California. Who says prices are not down? Your money back if these figs are not delicious. Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, sir. Ain't you hungry this afternoon, lady? What can I get you, ma'am? Some nice peanuts, oranges, chocolate-covered cherries, chewing-gum or scenic playing cards? A magazine now, maybe. Or a real good book?

No, thank you, man.

Lady, you been on this route before? I don't

think so now, cause I'm pretty good at remembering faces.
I'll wager you are, man.
An apple, lady? Let me get you a wine-sap right from these Colorado trees.
All right, brother. You win. And a truce with an apple, a dark red wine-sap from these Colorado trees. There is no way of escaping you. You are a convincing American, an alluring salesman of the Blood of Christ or lemon drops.

I place myself on this high altar. In the white sunlight of the desert. I wrap myself in white, woven cloths. In the white silence of the desert. I set a censer of song and two prayer feathers. In the white sunlight of the desert. I may not have the prayer of my body and of my heart. But I will live near a white flame. In the white silence of the desert.

STAR.

Pale and high, the evening star glimmers,
frostily, in the north, where I am. It glows
with fire, in the south, where you are.
Everything glows, in the south, where you are.

Kacha, my love bird, how goes it with thee in the desert? An exile speaks. Does the yellow moon go yearning over the mountains to the south? Does the yellow moon go yearning over the mountains to the south? Ah, I know it does. For I feel the call of it in me, here. Heart of me, goodnight! Goodnight!

My feet are great iron weights hanging miles from my body. My hands are low-lying ranges of ribbed rock reaching to each horizon. My head is a great bowlder of pictured stone on a slender hill-top. Only my heart is here, strong as the sun's heat. When the afternoon is unendurable, and we crawl into the shadow of the adobe, my heart is fresh and lightly moving.

Someday, in memory, some vagrant breeze will bring to you the fragrance of your soul that night of desert rain. And of my hair. When you are massive and definite you will remember,—a handkerchief. And you will know I have been with you always.

Hoof beats on the desert on a moonlight night. Do they come to me? Do they come to me? Horse and rider are one to-night. Does he come to me? Does he come to me? Call of coyote on the mesa height shrills to the exquisite torture of the night. Shall we ride, shall we dance as one to-night. Is he coming to me? Is he coming to me?

Night and silence. And the desert wide. Luring the soul to its infinite stride. A moon so near, so roundly clear above the southern mountain host. O, desert mountains, to you at last! Desert mountains, to you I ride. In your blue canyons let me abide. Moon of the desert, welcome me. Peace of the desert, set me free. Gods of the desert, quicken me, to love, to live in this country.

MOODS

I

The night with stars is full of mystery. Infinitude. But some there are who are afraid of mystery. The day is theirs. The lighted, measured day. Give me the night with eyes to see great outlines. The night.....all worlds are mine.

II

I was a long and slender vessel. I drifted with the winds. I shifted with the tides. With every motion of the lovely, loving water beneath my breast, the shining peacock water, the tossing grey water, the foaming white water, I moved. On the eddies of rowboats I bobbed. On the long swells of ocean-goers I rode. I was a long and slender vessel. I drifted with the winds.... but only the length of my mooring line.

III

Like a sea anemone, when anything comes
near, I fold myself away. You may hold me in
your hand. You may collect me for your sea
garden. But the eye of my soul is watching
you behind many barriers. Under the yellow
cliffs at night, in my purple, rocky bed,
with my rose and red companions I open my
heart to the lovely light of the moon.

IV

I cannot ride on this high wave of the spirit with you any longer. My roots go deeply into a warm and fragrant earth. Are you always so rare, so finely spirited? Or do you, too, long sometimes for the warm hand of a friend on your breast? Perhaps, tomorrow, spring in the soul of me will send forth a thin flower to touch with you your far world of dreams and colored song. But not today. Today I want to sleep in the sun. I cannot ride on this high wave of the spirit with you any longer.

v

Oh, gods in glory, whom men made,–and women, especially women,–do you want to stay there? If you do, give heed! Give heed to the crowds, the ugly crowds. Give heed to the human mass that seethes and breathes and breeds in drains of cities. Give heed to the drift that only pulses to a horizon. Oh, gods in glory, whom men made,–and women, especially women,–give heed to the crowds. They do not give you increase.

VI

Driftwood of the soul, what shall I do with you?
If I leave you upon the shore you will be
washing out only to surge back again, tossed
by sure tides. I do not need you now.
My fuel is gathered for the winter. It is
stacked in neat piles. I know. I will burn
you. And in the purple magic, copper green
and blue I'll glimpse the wonders that I might
have lived. The sailor says that drift's the
thing to make the dreams come out.

VII

The god I would be and the thing I am play
merry ball with grotesque posturings. They
leap upon the hills and strike. They grovel
cunningly and catch. But today I wish I were
a man to walk the middle way, serene,
like you, an honest artist.

VIII

I am a singer and a lover. I gaze into my mirror at my mouth. The sun shines into my mirror and touches my mouth. And all my being expands into a wish for you, for you to touch my mouth. I gaze into my mirror and I sing to you. I watch my lips which breathe your name. And I know all history as a song of love. I am a singer and a lover.

IX

I am in armor, shining. And through the
glinting of my casque my eyes are shining wells
of fire. Then do not hold to me your hands.
I strike them with my sword. And do not ask
me with your eyes, or call my name.
For I step proudly on the highway. I am in
armor, shining.

x

It passed, my mood of passion. But while it lasted, my reach was to the stars, to the heart of the earth, to the far horizons, east and west.

XI

Take your loneliness away with you. And hide
it. Hide it under laughter and careless words.
Take your shyness away with you. And hide it.
Hide it behind proud eyes. If people are not
wise enough to know you lonely and shy,
let them think you gay and proud.
And come to me.

XII

Someday, when there is no need but the need of your beauty, my face, I will give you the need of your beauty, the meed of your beauty, oh, my lovely face. I will hang an aquamarine crystal in the shadows of your neck, the shadows of your eyes, the shadows of your lips. Someday, when there is no need but the need of your beauty.

XIII

If you just keep putting on things you'll be dressed. If you just keep doing things they'll be finished. If you will not think you'll forget. And if you dress and do things and do not think you'll grow old successfully.

XIV

To-night I want only negative things. Cold and need and loneliness. I want to go naked into fresh, dark air. Today I have had too much. I have eaten too much. I have worn too much.

xv

The day quickens. With lines of rose and green the sky is rayed above the foot-hills. From out the inner dusk the tiny sounds of life begin, a touching of the leaves, the moving of small birds, uneasy mutterings of valley trains. I cannot sleep. Impotently I turn from side to side. From side to side I turn my thoughts impotently. A rat is running in the wall. Marauding dissonance, made large by the wall's emptiness.

XVI

A blue jay's screech is the only affirmation.
The twilight is grey. Let me sing to you my
palinode. My song of evening. My faith has
gone adventuring. My faith has gone
adventuring. In other lives. In other lives.
A thin moon watches me insensibly.
The fog creeps with ribbon fingers into the
canyons. And into the depths of me.

MISCELLANEOUS

Has it the glory of a flame at night? Has it the magic of an opal's light? Is it divine, mad, wild, a tree-god's reaching dream? Or is it peaceful, full of majesty, an overwhelming rhythmic stream, made of great harmonies and slow-born melodies? Can it crash cymbals, echoing, echoing, up and down,—an age, round and round,—a world, vibrating to the stars? And does it dance, and can it leap and sing? And soothe, and make us understand? Has it the passion of a desert night? Is it a whimsy, light so light,—a feather tendril, perhaps? Is it a wisp, is it a sob on the wind, the thinnest sweetness of a harp, struck out of doors? Is it the fullest sound of orchestra with cellos and Italian lungs? Yes? Turquoise, amethyst and jade,—but does it make you see the colors, see the amber gleam, and peacock iridescent, subtlest grey? Yes? And does it make you climb and climb, and cling and cling with bleeding fingers? No? We ask our questions madly? Then let us laugh horribly,

an orange satyr putting fingers to our mouths, grotesquely whistling. That's it, a shrunken gourd that once in the yellow sun lured with its rounded promise. You call yourself a poet? Peace. We're weary-souled. Glorious illusion, luring form of other world we here but charcoal clumsily,–the word of a God through stupid lips.

I

I want to meet a mate at the head of the Yukon. I want to float in an old rowboat down the Yukon with a month's provisions. Twenty-one hundred miles, I want to float. When we come to small towns, posts on the islands, camps in the forests, we'll chin in the sun. We'll fish and we'll hunt. We'll sleep under the stars for twenty-one hundred miles of the Yukon.
Why must I work in a shoe factory?

II

The river was filled with the salmon, with the turgid passion of the salmon in the springtime. They moved slowly upward to the northern hills. They moved heavily upon their errand of life. They threw themselves up cataracts, leaped shallow pools, pushed each other gaping upon the banks. They slashed their bodies upon rocks and jammed their heads between logs. In the silence of northern hills, in icy northern pools they died. And millions of new salmon sought the sea, to live, to play, only to return to those icy northern pools, to spawn, to die.

I

I was seeking his soul as a color, purple.
It was a dream in a vague world of dreams.
And he was seeking mine, a dull, sea green.
But in an underworld of seeking forms and
merging colors another soul, more brilliantly
green, bewildered him. At last we met.
In a perfect meadow at sunrise. A wild iris
and its sheath. A green flycatcher chattered on
a fence.

II

Trees and clouds and bats. And fat Chinese with strange, flat hats. Embroidered on an ancient altar cloth. These were part of the dream. And I was floating on a silken stream, stitched by deft fingers in another world.
And did it only seem, the little hillocks, blue and gold, the grotesque flowers, surely bold?
Orange and purple the maker's scheme.
I was very young in the dream..... I was a foundling soul, wrapped in an ancient altar cloth.

NEW YORK, MAY 6.

Today defeated winter sits brooding under a sullen sky. He bites his nails between gusty snorts. Now why can't he be gracious when everyone knows he is in love with the spring.

A motor hearse went flashing by triumphantly black and silver in the April sunlight. But all the children stopped their play to gaze after it as it skidded round a corner.

Home burial park. Artistic locations for mausoleums. One hundred acres of landscape and lawn, trees and grassy knolls. Expert care of graves. Eight minutes from the city by motor hearse. Get our terms.
Get my terms, soul. Take your body to a clean, quick fire that it may be sweet in death.
And, soul. If it be the springtime in New England, blow the dust of me by the roots of a pink dogwood that blossoms outward in shelves of color. I thank you, soul. You have loved this body.

Am I a loiterer on these premises? I am a loiterer upon the earth. If I am a loiterer on these premises I am liable to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. So the sign says,– the law of the midland subway company. But if I am a loiterer upon the earth I think I am liable to be blessed to the full extent of the law.

Young life, young lust, young love are in my heart with the singing spring. And is there anything else? Black death, black dearth, black despair? Perhaps. But they belong to the winter. To the old winter.

Spring, the eternal dear, has been on a visit to western parts. She says she grew tired of being so steadily beautiful. She is flirting with me. She is coaxing me and luring me back to love her again. Spring, the eternal dear.

Putting away, putting away, I spend half
of the glorious day, putting away that others
may find when they wish to play.

There, hold your head. This light is wonderful.
I can see the iris in your eyes. And that singing
purple, am I to get it? Blue and red and the
sunlight. Sometimes one feels it an impertinence
to paint, especially things as paintable as you.
A red complexion is so difficult to do, so fine....
the blues that come around the nose and throat.
Now rest your neck, that long, long neck.
I know it needs it. And poke the fire.
But don't look at this. It must be further along.
Ah, what a maddening piece of flesh you are.
I look at you, and you are lavender.
I look again and you're a yellow green.
I can but play these colors to catch the beauties
that elude me. Your mouth was made to paint
or kiss. Perhaps you're just as glad I am the
artist. That bone..... I have it now.
It bothered me. It's strange a thing so different
could be so surely you.

FORD SEDAN.

A Ford sedan is so nice for a college professor. It is so snug and grey and so easy to run. From the house to the laboratory. From the laboratory to the house. From the house to the laboratory..... And then, its price is proletarian. Its mission aristocratic.

Sculptured hair. And eyes as hard. But a soft mouth.....oh, the weakness of me! Her mouth was a flower of quince and orange that tried to hold my life.

O, the glory of the soul of man, the basses thundered, the brasses pæaned. And the beauty of the soul of woman, the violins breathed, the wood-winds sang. The glory of the soul of man, the beauty of the soul of woman,– the wonder of the world,–belled, rocked, plunged, shrieked, waved, danced, sawed, drummed the symphony. The lady on my right said she hoped the meat had come for supper. The lady on my left said she had forgotten to lock the back door.

What every woman knows.....it is no beauty secret, rare and old. It is not how to cherish men, or how to love a child.
It is a greater knowing. What every woman knows, surely, is, that she can wear navy blue.

TO A DAHLIA IN A SHOW.

You lovely scarlet gesture. Breath and blood.
I like your smell of summer mud. But better,
I like the neatness of your escape from a
bourgeois border. You lovely scarlet gesture.
Breath and blood.

A WOMAN I KNOW.

A woman I know creates. She makes carvings, lines and fabrics. She makes children, food and flowers. She dyes long threads in a colored maze and weaves them into beauty's strand. She plays. She plays with a moon of song. With her feet purple in sun-warmed grapes she puts her lips to a star's breast. The breath that is a part of the large winds of the world passes through her.

WE PRAYED.

I prayed that I might reach your soul,
that I might be worthy. I prayed.
You laughed. That I could be humble!
But I was terrible. You laughed.
And then.....I laughed and you prayed.

I wish I had a fat soul that did not tremble when beauty touched me. I wish I could sit by a window all day and have the sun reflected by my placidity. I wish I could look into your eyes and lie unflinchingly.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

You lovely little tuft of glory, humming,
drumming, round my Spanish broom. Your
ruffiet is so impudently splendid it needs your
mate to bring the world to tone.
You little exquisite, be for a moment still,
that I may have your beauty, at my will.

Against the clamoring passion of you I can measure a day when I saw a cornfield stained with blood. It had the new hush of oblivion over it.

My warm hand upon my face is beautiful in the winter. My cold hands are beautiful upon my thighs in the summer. My two souls are one in the spring. And in the fall I sleep.

Lift your body up to me, slim and straight
as a young birch tree. And as white.
Under the glory of your hair that is so pale
and thick and rare, my delight! And then,–
reach until you pass me by. Until your reach
is to the sky. Through the night.

You said you loved my hair. You said,
It is all mine. This glory. Red with purple
shadows. We were Life's lovers.
With each quickening breath, we dreamed.
We dared. And you are dead. And I.....
I have my riotous mass that no man sees.

Many springs I have turned to the new life,
felt the old illusion. With the rain in the wind
and the grass in its birth I have renewed my
faith. But now you are gone and the spring
has come. And there is no change in me.
I am like the brown leaves on the live oak.
They touch the moving green, but they are
dead and hard. Only the fury of the storm
can change them now.

Some lovely things endure because they are the life of Beauty. Aquarmarine beads like your eyes and like the sea in shallow edging pools. Nine hundred years ago they touched the throat of a Chinese princess. Some lovely things endure because they are the life of Beauty. Today they touch your throat, your vainly lovely throat.

When the slender neck of my jade maiden is encircled by my necklace she is infinitely remote. She is infinitely alluring. It hangs between her two young breasts. It is the green of glacial ice, of hidden northern seas. Its light is as soft as starlight. It protects her from all evil.

No heels for the dawning, the early tip of the dawning. And no soles for the matter of that, with the Irish grass to run upon. Low heels for the morning, the very top of the morning. Low, good heels to do my work upon. And for the afternoon, when I walk in to Derry? Oh, a sober heel about an inch and a half. But high heels for the evening. Oh, high French heels for Jerry! Light heels, slender heels, shining high, high heels, for Jerry and the dance!

April and two pale young moons. In the clouds and on the sea. Hiding, dancing, beckoning to the wind to set them free. April and the serried coast. With ghost waves breaking high on phantom rocks that hold their breasts to the shock of the rhythmic tide.....who but a man could build a wall against the ocean's sigh?

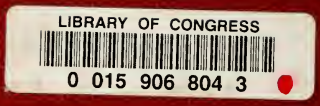
Miraflores of the saints, on the plain outside of
Burgos. Take a low carriage along the road
where the poplars touch by the river.
Dark, grey walls and bare and distant hills.
Wait at the gate with the beggars who whine in
the sun. And within? Peace. An ancient
brother in a white Carthusian gown blesses you.
He leads you to the treasure of the church,
the marble wonder of de Siloe. Where Isabella's
parents lie, under immortal effigies.
Paintings, altars, iron screens, he shows you
patiently. And patiently he answers many
questions. He never heard of Chicago.
And France,—he never had been there.
But he would show me his rose garden.
Peace. And beauty. And uncommon sense.

There's a singing in my heart with the wind.
With the wind in its full rhythm as it beats around the world. With the wind.
Over northern pine and mountain. Through the desert to the ocean. There's a singing in my heart with the wind. There's a singing in my heart with the wind. With the wind in its wide motion from the desert to the ocean.
There's a singing in my heart with the wind.

CHRISTMAS WISH.

Now the sun turns to a New Year.
And many men rejoice in newer births and holy days. May you rejoice with sun and man. With gods and men may your spirit leap and sing.

LRAp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